Montgomery Bell Bulletin

May 1910

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Montgomery Bell Bulletin

VOL. XI. NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE. No. 4.

The Four Wanderers

BY C. D. BATES.

PART IV.

The Secret of the Ring.

The soft autumn breeze stirred the nodding flowers, and the moonlight drifted in through the open window, adding a silvery flood to the richly decorated room. The men were silent, for they had little hopes of No. Four being able to gather the threads of the three preceding narrations and give the solution.

No. Three broke the silence with a gasping cough, as too much of the Tennessee whisky went the wrong way.

"Huh!" he spluttered. "Damn this dry town booze. I can't handle it like I used to. Say, you fellows, wake up! Don't be like a bunch of dead ones! Put some fire in your system! Here!" extending the decanter to No. Two. "This reminds me of the time I struck 'Dead Man's Relief in Panama.' You see, it was like this: I was broke, and had to sleep in a blooming graveyard. Huh!

"The tropical scenery was sure some cute, when it made a pass at me with the ghost of our late and distinguished leader of destiny—President El Shokadooyou.

"But you fellows ain't never seen a ghost handle his dukes. Why, they can play a tune on fellows' backs and make a noise like a couple of door-panels. Damn—"

A knock on the door interrupted No. Three. "I told you so," he muttered.

No. Four received something from a bell hop and smilingly addressed No. Three:

"I hate to break in on your yarn, for I'm sure it's better than mine, but here's hoping I can interest you a little.

"A drink—a drink! My kingdom

for a drink!" quoth No. Three, pouring four glasses, extending one to each, and with his lifted above his head, quoted:

" 'Drink to muh wid thine eyes,
And I will s-spledge wish wine
Or leane a-skyss but s'in the cup,
And I'll s' not slook f'r swine
The sirt that from the snoul doth syrise
S'doth 'sk a dyrink divine,'

"and proceeded to tilt his glass while held above his head, catching the liquor as it fell in his mouth without losing a drop.

"As I was kinder hot under the collar I just had to get a little gas out of my system, gents, so let her mizzell, No. Four. It's me back to the oil can—so let the wheels squeech."

No. Three had endeavored to cheer the others up, and succeeded, so he subsided. And No. Four had the floor.

"Mine has been a deuce of a life," said No. Four. "At times I have been so close to each of you fellows as to almost touch you, but something pulled me away. I was fighting with the Chinese against Japan, and almost shot No. One, but I recognized him in time, and after the close of the war saw him again just as he pulled out for Alaska in 1922.

"I ran across No. Two in San Jose, after he had just been stabbed, and carried him to the hospital, but drifted off when the doctor said he would recover. I got the wrong clue in Monte Carlo about the ring.

"I followed the Frenchman that gave the ring to No. Three instead of turning No. Three over to the police (No. Three grinned knowingly), but I didn't think he had the ring, and, in fact, didn't know who he was, but so much for that.

"I have had the ring four different times in the last twelve years. It first came into my possession in Frisco, when I was private secretary (rather a high position for me, eh? to Old Man Crosby, No. One's dead father, who had me rob his house to throw suspicion from him and the ring, and, seeing my way clear to cop some coin (for I knew the old man valued the ring up in the millions), by a little piece of graft on board the ship to Paris I asked the old man for a million or two, and slapped the ring suggestive like. Well, that old man went at me like a whirlwind, copped the ring and I got a blame wet bath.

"A steamer picked me up the same afternoon, and I landed in Paris fifteen hours late only. Miss Crosby said her father had just left for Monte Carlo, so I followed, and was just in time to see a Frenchman pull a gun on the old man and point to the ring, for he foolishly was wearing it. The old man made a pass at the Frenchman and three shots were the result. The Frenchman snatched the ring and made a spring for the door, with me just behind. I used to be some little bit of a baseball player, you know, and, grasping a wine bottle, hurled it with good result at the head of the Frenchman, knocking his head full of wine, and swiftly appropriated the ring from his vest pocket and skiddooed.

"The same night there was to be a big prize fight—No. Three here, and his pal—but I didn't get to go, as the police found me and made me testify about the murder of Old Man Crosby. About 12:30 that night I was walking slowly, trying to figure out just what the ring business meant, and was suddenly knocked down and the ring taken from me. I wasn't hurt much, and the fellow, seeing the cops were following him, stopped a man who was walking ahead of him, said something, pointing to me, and then ran ahead and vanished. What I should have done was to have fol-

lowed No. Three here, for I'm sure it was he, and got my ring; but I chased the other guy, and never found him, of course.

"I drifted to Japan and then China, joining the Chinks in their war, for it didn't matter so I got a bunk and 'rice' enough to eat—that was all I cared about. Finally I came back to the States, drifting around considerably, and found myself in Tennessee's city.

"I was just in the act of grabbing No. Three for a good handshake when the cops grabbed the joint. I saw a cop land No. Three a deuce of a lick on the head, while a hobo grabbed his vest pocket and out came the ring. There was where I grabbed, and I got the ring, too. The cops had most of the bunch corraled, and I saw I couldn't help No. Three, so beat it.

"Of course I might go into detail and entertain you fellows the rest of the night, but as each of you have been in the same fix as myself more than once, I won't burden you with just how hard I was up against it during those days.

"I was arrested in Salt Lake City for a gum shoe deal that I didn't pull off, but I knew who did—a pal of mine—and he was white to me many times before this deal, and knowing if the courts couldn't prove much, or anything, against me, I would soon get the lift and could join my pal and help spend the swag. Nice of me, wasn't it? Real heroic.

"But, fellows, it was a living hell to be cooped up in that Mormon joint for three months. The acid breeze from the lake burnt my nostrils. I longed for the free air of freedom. To have to sit—sit and long—crave for what you can lay your hand on, but cannot move—is worse than being dead, for then you can't want—if you want at all.

"I had the ring concealed in my cot, and when at the end of that three months of hell I was free, I made at once for my pal, got my share of the coin, and beat it for the Canadian woods, hanging my hat up with a trapper for the winter on Bear Tooth range. It was what I craved, this free life, without a care. The cold North knows no real law except the law of justice, carried out by the hand of man.

"I would sit, with the snow flashing millions of brilliant lights, the sun, like a ball of yellow cheese, gave this vast area the feeling of freedom, and gave man the passion he craved.

"The Frazier River flashed like a mirror in the sun, flooding the snow-covered spruce and pine trees in a ghostly yellow light. The trapper and I were starting our regular tramp to the traps.

"For two months I hadn't looked at the ring, and for some reason I pulled it from my bunk, slipping it on my left hand just as we started.

"The Frazier River lay ten miles to the west, where most of our traps were laid. Less than fifty yards from the cabin my left arm was jerked straight out in front of me, and some force was pulling me—dragging me at a terrific pace straight towards the Frazier River. Fellows, I saw nothing of that mad rush through ten miles of snow. The wind pressed against my face like cutting steel; my eyes felt as if a ton of lead was holding them shut. I could only feel without seeing that I was hurled through space. My feet, when they would touch the snow, were lifted like thistledown in a strong wind. The last I remember I was hurled against something; every bone in my body seemed to break, and I knew nothing more until the trapper finally succeeded in bringing me back to life.

"I was only tired—no bones were broken. I tried to rise, but some force pulled me back. I gazed around.

The Frazier was bubbling, smoking and rushing on. Just above was the 'dead man's arm' of the river—"

"What in h——, Franz—"

"'It's hell itself broke loose,' declared Franz. 'Gawd, Four, but what's the matter with your left arm?'

"For the first time I noticed my left arm. It was buried in the snow and gravel up to my shoulder. Try as I might, I could not pull it out. 'Take my knife and dig, Franz,' I demanded.

"A few minutes of digging in the frozen ground left my arm free to the surrounding earth, but I couldn't pull it out. Turning over on my face, I looked down and what I saw made me feel like a madman. 'Gold, gold! Virgin gold by the ton!'

"Pulling madly at my arm, I jerked it loose finally and lay gasping. Gathering my wits, I rubbed my sore hand and then my gaze rested upon the ring!

"The set in the ring was transformed into a compass, with three hands. One hand was quivering slightly and pointed to 'gold,' written in small letters; another pointed to 'distance;' the third the direction, the hand resting on 'w.' *I have the ring here, and will let you see for yourself.*

"The ring was a gold magnet—was, I say; but when it got on the trail of the mother lode, carrying me through ten miles of space in a second, the magnet gave out. From what I have been able to learn of the history of the ring, it originally—the set—came from a tribe of Indians some two hundred years ago by the name of Quonx, that roamed the plains of Utah. This tribe was rich in gold, and many a man has lost his life in trying to find the hiding place of their treasure. The tribe now exists in old Mexico, but is fast passing away. No doubt the tradition of this ring is still nursed in their breasts.

"No one knows of my discovery but Franz. The vein is enormous—fifty feet wide and several hundred deep, running far back into the mountains. I have possession of the land for twenty miles square from the point where I found the mother lode. I hereby put a new name for the three of you for confirmation as to the name of the mine, 'The Four Wanderers.'

"We can flood the world with gold. We can own the world, and we can diminish the value of gold until it no longer exists as a national standard. The world is ours, and," continued No. Four, "the bitterest pill I have to swallow, in the end makes riches of little consequence to me. Even though I can in a month flood the world with billions of dollars, I cannot buy real *love*. I am not married, and to buy a false love with gold is not my style of love, so you fellows can live in gold, eat gold and curse gold, but as for me—well, it doesn't matter. I'll roam and wander—it's all there is left, for I hate this life of damnable gold, just for gold alone. But if I could lay the world at her feet with my gold, it would be different."

"Doesn't she give a rap for you?" asked No. Three.

"I don't know."

"Who in h—er, who is she?" spluttered No. Three.

"Princess Mary Eliza—"

"Good God! My king's sister! Man, why not go and buy the kingdom of England, and—why—great Scott! Who'd a thought it? Listen—I'll get the dope fixed up, and you can buy the kingdom of England, and turn it over to Princess Mary—"

"Good— and just about how much will it take?"

"Oh, about seven hundred thousand billion—"

"No more than that? Why, I am going to give M. B. A. nearly that much—so that's fixed. I don't believe I want to take on any more kingdoms at present. We will figure out later about France. We have got to own the whole world, you know."

Today the whole world is owned jointly by the "Four Wanderers"—all old M. B. A. boys, and only by their consent was this narrative published in the BULLETIN. The writer, accidentally finding enough copy in No. Four's gold-mounted desk to conceive the whole details.

The Four Wanderers are engineering a new scheme now, wherein they will get possession of all the planets —and the Lord only knows what they will do when there is nothing else for them to buy.

The fire burns on. The cold wind whistles around the eaves, making hideous sounds. Somewhere a clock chimes the hour of three. The dreamer's pipe drops with a crash to the hearth, cold, spilling the cold ashes in a fan-like shape. The dreamer turns his head to find a softer spot on the arm of his chair. A smile for an instant hovers around his strong mouth—he does not know when he has enough—sleeps gently on. The wind, coming with fury, blows on, and the sky, in misery, sheds many a tear.

(The End.)

THE PASSING OF THE HORSE.

BY R. O. DIBRELL.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: It is customary to think of the present age as quite superior in both luxuries and necessities to anything produced in a prior period; but in one sphere, at least, it is a question as to whether the progress that has been made should really be considered an advancement. The realm in question is, the passing of the horse.

In the consideration of this subject we might divide the life of the horse in America into three epochs.

First, we will take him as the friend of man. In the years prior to the Civil War the horse was looked upon as being a member of the family. He was well stabled, and an experienced groom was appointed to attend to his wants.

The hunts and steeplechases depended solely on the horse. They were developed, strengthened, and, we might say, educated for this purpose. Every land-owner who was considered as being well off had a stock farm, where he bred his fine blooded horses. We have an example of this here in our own county, as the Belle Meade Farm was noted throughout the United States as being one of the largest and finest stock farms in existence.

Most of the labor on the farms was done by hand, and the part that couldn't be done by hand was done by the ox and mule. But when the reaper and plow were invented, the horse was called upon to take the mule's place. He was called down from his high pedestal of aristocracy to one of democracy, and he was not longer looked upon as a source of pleasure alone, but as a source of profit.

It was no longer asked, "How fast is he?" but "How much can he pull?"

But as the age advanced, even the horse was too slow to fulfill the requirements of the day, and then the automobile made its appearance. Upon its introduction it was first looked upon as a source of pleasure, but today we find the automobile

(Continued on page 10.)

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F. E. Hagan.....Editor-in-Chief
G. A. Sloan.....Assistant Editor
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EDITORIAL

AFTER-DINNER SPEECHES.

One of the most enjoyable exercises ever given at the Academy was that by the Middle Class on March 4. The speeches were supposed to be made at a dinner attended by the students, and were the first speeches of this kind to be delivered. The speeches all showed a great deal of study on the part of their authors. We are sorry to be able to print only one, which will be found in another part of this issue. It is to be hoped that Prof. Sellen will make these speeches an annual affair.

The annual debate between the members of the Senior Class has been held, and was very interesting. The subject under discussion was "Resolved, that the conservation of our natural resources will retard the growth of the country." The negative side, led by Capt. Stone, was awarded the debate after a spirited contest.

VANDERBILT CONTEST.

J. Morgan Wilkerson, Jr., has been selected to represent M. B. A. in the Vanderbilt Interscholastic Contest, which will take place about the 8th of May. Wilkerson was selected over seven other contestants, any one of whom would have done the school credit at Vanderbilt. We have won two of the last three contests at Vanderbilt, and have a fine chance for another this year.

John A. Sanford has been elected manager of the baseball team, and has arranged an attractive schedule.

(Continued from page 9.)

steadily taking the place of the horse.

I feel safe in saying that in five years from this date it will require a very careful observer to see a horse on the streets.

Now, gentlemen, I think you will readily concur, from these few statements, that the horse has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS WITH A LUNATIC.

BY GEO. G. BENSON, JR.

In one of my balloon ascensions a gentleman named Everett had engaged himself to be my companion; but when the time came, his nerve failed, and I looked around in vain for the person who was to occupy the vacant chair in the car. Having waited till the last possible moment, and the crowd becoming impatient, I prepared to ascend alone. The last rope that attached me to the earth was about to be severed, when suddenly a gentleman pushed forward and volunteered to go up with me. He seemed so earnest in his request that I promised to let him accompany me, provided he would submit to my directions, whereupon he sprang with alacrity into the car. In another minute we were rising above the trees. I must say I never saw any person exhibit greater coolness and self-possession. The stranger was as composed as if he had been sitting at home in an easy chair. A bird could not have seemed more in its element; and yet he solemnly assured me that he had never been in a balloon before. Instead of showing alarm at our great height from the earth, he expressed the liveliest pleasure whenever I emptied one or two bags of sand, and he even urged me to part with more of the ballast.

In the meanwhile the wind carried us quietly along, and the day being particularly clear, we enjoyed a delightful bird's-eye view of the surrounding country. My companion listened with great interest while I pointed out to him the various objects over which we passed, till I happened casually to observe that the balloon must be directly over Bordeaux. My fellow-traveler then, for the first time, showed uneasiness, and anxiously asked whether I thought he could be recognized by any one at that distance from the earth. I told him it was quite impossible. Nevertheless he continued very uneasy, frequently saying, "I hope they don't see me," and entreating me earnestly to let go more ballast. I said: "Do you live at Bordeaux?" He said, "Yes, yes," and urged me again, and with great vehemence, to empty the remaining sandbags. This, however, was out of the question, considering the height of the balloon and the course of the wind. But my comrade was deaf to these reasons—he insisted on going higher; and on my firmly refusing to let go more ballast, he deliberately pulled off and threw his hat, coat and vest overboard. "Hurrah! That lightens us!" he shouted. "But it's not enough yet;" and he began to untie his necktie.

"Nonsense!" said I; "my good fellow, nobody can recognize you, at this distance even with a telescope."

"Don't be too sure of that," he answered sharply; "they have sharp eyes at Core's."

"At where?" said I.

"At Core's Asylum!" shouted he.

Then the truth flashed upon me in an instant—I was sitting in the frail car of a balloon, in the midst of the clouds, with a lunatic! The horror of the situation for a few moments seemed to deprive me of my senses. A sudden freakish act, a transient fury or a single struggle would send both of us into eternity!

In the meanwhile the maniac, having divested himself successively of shoes and stockings, threw each to the winds, repeating his insane cry of "Higher! higher! higher!" I remained perfectly silent But judge of my terror when, having thrown his shirt overboard, he solemnly said: "We are not yet high enough by a

thousand miles. One of us must throw out the other."

To describe my feelings on hearing this speech would be simply impossible. Cold as the atmosphere felt, intensely cold, yet great beads of perspiration rolled off me. It was horrible! horrible! Words, prayers, remonstrances were useless. I had bet ter been unarmed in the wilderness surrounded by wild Indians. I saw the lunatic deliberately heave the one and then the other bag of ballast from the car, the balloon, of course, rising with proportionate rapidity. Up, up, up it soared to an altitude I dared not contemplate. Earth was lost to my eyes, and huge clouds rolled beneath us. I felt the world was gone forever.

"Have you any relations?" he asked abruptly.

I replied that I had an aged father and one, dear little brother, whom I could help very much.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the maniac in a shrill tone that chilled the very marrow in my bones. "I have two hundred and forty-two fathers, six thousand three hundred and ten mothers, nine million three hundred and two wives, and ten billion three hundred and ninety-seven children, and if you did not make this balloon so heavy I should have been with them long ago."

"And where do they live?" I asked anxious to gain time by any question that first occurred to me.

"In the moon!" replied the maniac. "And when I have lightened the car once more, by throwing you out, I shall be there in no time!"

I heard no more. He suddenly sprang upon me, and, throwing his arms around me. grasped me round the body and sent me sprawling into the air. I was slowly sinking—sinking—sinking! The earth became visible and it seemed as if I was bound for eternity! The earth became nearer—nearer—nearer, till bing! bang! biff! I awoke, finding myself with half the bed on the floor, and my father standing in the door, commanding, in a stern voice: "George, get up from there. You'll be late for school again."

Here's to Old Kentucky,
Where they never have the blues—
Where the Colonel killed the Captain,
And the Captain killed the booze.

Mother (looking over her son's shoulders): "Oh, dear! What bad spelling!"

Son: "This isn't a spelling lesson, mother; this is a composition."—*Ex.*

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ATHLETICS

The baseball squad, under the leadership of Capt. Wilkerson and Coach Ware, has been going merrily along for some time now, and the team is getting in fine shape for games with city and out-of-town schools. The team was particularly lucky to get Mr. Ware, of Vanderbilt, for coach. He was picked as all S. I. A. A. third baseman for the past two years, playing with the University of Tennessee.

Although the line-up has not been definitely decided upon, it is very probable that Stone or Hollins will do the catching, with Gleaves holding down first. Capt. Wilkerson will be at his old position at second base, while Halloran is showing the best form at shortstop. Hagan will very likely play third. The outfield will be very hard to choose from, Latimer, Gibson, Allen, Wright and Penick. With Dibrell in the box—for he will do the twirling—we expect to win a majority of our games.

On Friday, Feb. 18, we met High School in basketball for the second time during the season. The game was very exciting from whistle to whistle, and many star plays were made on both sides. In the first half was M. B. A.'s throughout, the score standing at end of the first half 19 to 9. In the second half High School came strong, but was unable to overturn the lead we gained on them in the first half. Brown and Bailey were the stellar attractions for High School. There were no special stars for M. B. A., our boys playing a steady, consistent game at all times. Final score, 27 to 21.

The line-up was as follows:

Fogg High School: Dickerson and

(Continued on page 16.)

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EXCHANGE

The *McCallie Pennant* has the best literary department of any paper we have received. The stories are certainly interesting.

The *Huisache* is well gotten up. Your "cuts" are excellent.

The *Anchor* is a classy little paper; We enjoy reading it.

The *Quarterly* is on our table again. Your paper improves with every issue. Come again—we are always glad to receive you.

The *Wallace World*—Your stories in the last issue are interesting, your joke column is also good.

The *High School Echo* has an excellent literary department. The stories are all interesting.

The *Bowen Blade* is a neat little paper.

The *Ward Sentinel* has steadily improved since the first issue, and is one of our best exchanges.

The *Flashlight*—Your literary department is being neglected. Why not add a few more stories?

The *Gold and Blue*—A few more stories would help your paper consid erably. Lengthen your joke column a little.

The *Sphinx* appeared once, but why no more?

The *Purple and White* is coming along fine. Keep up the good work.

The *Orange and White* is always gladly received.

The *Cumberland Weekly* is as good as ever.

The *Hawkins Hammer*—You should improve your literary department and add a few more jokes

---

"I understand dat yo' nigger sho' does shine in society."

"Right you is, honey—he's a bootblack."—*Ex.*

DO DREAMS COME TRUE?

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed that each subscriber
Came in and paid his bill. —*Ex.*

Prof. Sellen: "The Arabian horses are the fastest breed of horses."

Gentry: "Professor, the ostrich is mighty fast."

Eve: "Now, Adam, on the square, kid, am I the only girl you ever loved?"—*Ex.*

Prof. Sellen: "We will have an argument for our next composition."

Green: "Must we write an oral or a written one?"

LINES TO A DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBER.

The wind bloweth, the farmer soweth,
The subscribed oweth and the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of our dues,
So come a-running, 'ere we go gusnin'—
We're not funning, this thing of dunnin'
Gives us the everlasting blues.
—*Ex.*

Prof. Sellen (speaking about events that happened during the year that Halley's comet appeared): "What great event happened seventy-six years ago?"

Morton: "My grandfather was born that year."

When I die, bury me deep—
Lay my Latin book at my feet,
Place my geometry on my breast—
Tell my folks I've gone to rest.
—*Ex.*

DIBRELL IN PHYSICS.

Prof. Dale: "Dibrell, why don't you get to school on time?"

Dibrell: "I can't get breakfast any earlier."

Prof. Dale: "Why don't you get up and cook your own breakfast?"

Dibrell: "If I did that I would be so sick that I could not come at all."

Mary had a little lamb—
You've heard that much before;
But Mary passed her plate again
And had a little more. —*Ex.*

Ikey: "There's a customer in the store who wants a blue suit."

Abe: "Change the skylight."

Well done, my faithful pony—
You are a gallant steed;
In my examinations
You were a friend indeed.
—*Ex.*

Pupil (giving a current event): "The Nile River overflowed and flooded Paris."—*Ex.*

Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; blunderbuss, to kiss the wrong girl; omnibus, to kiss all the girls.—*Ex.*

The boy sat on a hornet's nest—
He thought it was a pillow;
His family laid him down to rest
Beneath a weeping willow. —*Ex.*

Professor: "I know 1,000 times as much as you."

Student: "Well, 1,000 times 0 is 0."

Little wads of cotton—
Little rolls of wire—
Make a lovely figure
All the boys admire. —*Ex.*

Mary had a little lamb,
With fleece as black as jet.
It followed her to school one day,
And teacher's scratching yet.
—*Ex.*

Little drops of water,
Freezing on the walk,
Make the naughty adjectives
In the people's talk. —*Ex.*

GET IN THE GAME

Dr. Brown's Magic Liniment

"THE ATHLETES FRIEND."

(Continued from page 13.)

Baidy, guards, Kuhn and Witherspoon, forwards; Brown, center.

Montgomery Bell Academy—Wilkerson and Latimer, guards; Gleaves and Halloran, forwards; Burns, center.

Goals—Brown 6, Kuhn 1, Halloran 3, Gleaves 6.

Fouls—Brown 5, Gleaves 11.

Umpire, Metz; Referee, Floyd.

On the next Friday evening, Feb. 25, we met Bowen and slipped one over on them by a decisive victory. M. B. A. got the lead early in the first half and kept it throughout the entire game. The game was hotly contested, both sides fighting for every goal. Final score was 28 to 23. Boensch did good work for Bowen, and Gleaves and Halloran starred for M. B. A.

The line up was as follows:

Bowen—Boensch and Martin, forwards; Hopper and Bell, guards; Chastaine, center.

M. B. A.—Gleaves and Halloran, forwards; Wilkerson and Latimer, guards; Burns, center.

Goals—Boensch 5, Chastaine 3, Halloran 4, Gleaves 3, Wilkerson 1.

Fouls—Boensch 7, Gleaves 12.

Referee, Metz; Umpire, Brown.

The last game of the season was played on Friday, March 4, with Winthrop. The first half was hard-fought, our boys holding Winthrop down to 19 to 17. But in the second they showed lack of steady training, and Winthrop got the decision by a score of 40 to 27.

The line-up was as follows:

Winthrop—Houser and Redditt, forwards; Mitchum and Walton, guards; Floyd, center.

M. B. A.—Gleaves and Halloran, forwards; Wilkerson and Latimer, guards; Burns, center.

Goals—Halloran 5, Wilkerson 1, Gleaves 4, Redditt 8, Houser 5, Floyd 2. Fouls—Gleaves 7, Houser 8.

INDOOR TRACK MEET.

The second annual indoor track meet between Fogg High School, Winthrop and M. B. A. was held on April 1, 1910, in the Coliseum at Glendale.

The meet from a practical and athletic standpoint was a marked success. The crowd numbering nearly 1,200. As this was only the second event of the kind ever held in Nashville, the fact of its popularity is very gratifying to the men who first proposed it.

It has only been in the last few years that the South has taken an interest in track athletics, and in this short time she has developed some extremely fine athletes, and with the vast supply of material coming on, she will soon have the eyes of the world focused upon her in this important department of athletics. The goal for which the promoters of these indoor contests in Nashville were striving was to bring into public favor one of the cleanest and manliest sports in the world and to develop a more sportsmanlike relationship between the several schools of the city. They have accomplished this feat far beyond the expectation of all and deserve great commendation for their accomplishment. Mr. Covington, Prof. Lipscomb of the High School and Prof. Gibson of M. B. A. especially deserve credit for their untiring efforts in endeavoring to make the meet a success.

The plan adopted at the first organized meeting of the Track Association was to present a cup to the school winning the meet and an individual trophy to the man making the most points. The school winning the cup twice in succession to keep the cup.

By winning the last meet High School gets the cup, and Mitchum of Winthrop won the individual trophy with fifteen points to his credit.

The rivalry between the schools was intense, but the spirit of good fellowship prevailed during the entire evening, there being an absence of any rough play on the part of anyone.

Let us hope that the meets of the coming years will be as successful as the last two and that the clean, sportsmanlike spirit will continue to exxist in all the athletic contests between the schools.

M. B. A., 8; WALLACE, 4.

Our first city prep game resulted in a victory. Wallace was the opposing team, and although they played good ball in the field they were unable to connect with the curves served up by Dibrell, getting only three hits.

The feature of the game, besides the pitching of Dibrell, was the batting of Gleaves, he getting four hits out of four times at bat. Our next game is with Winthrop.

What is the matter with giving a cup to the winner of the city prep. baseball league?

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